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having once been connected with a causeway fringed by sphinxes, in the center of which are the remains of a granite statue of the Pharaoh Rameses, a figure that was forty feet high. Back of this is the temple of Dair el Bahari built by Queen Hatshepsut, and back of this rises the rocky cliff which shines in the morning sun with a rosy light against the sky of blue, tones that only those who have seen them will believe that Egypt can furnish in so colorful and really sublime effect, hues of which photographs give no hint.

The frontispiece presented in this number recalls such a splendor of color. It is reproduced from the canvas painted by Mrs. Georgia Timken Fry. In 1910 she painted a number of Egyptian scenes as she leisurely journeyed up the Nile in company with a party of friends, from Cairo to the second cataract.

Such colors as Mrs. Fry here reports can be seen almost anywhere along the Nile any morning during the winter months, which is the only time to visit Egypt. The colors so enhance the effect of the colossal ruins that, especially in the morning or evening, they are doubly majestic. Mrs. Fry has caught the color and spirit of desolation around the "Ramesseum" as we saw it one November morning in all its glory.

Three hundred miles below, the Great Sphinx, oldest statue in the world, looks the East in the face as mysteriously to-day as it did in the infancy of civilization. And the pyramids hunch their huge bulk four hundred and fifty feet into the sky from a base seven hundred and fifty feet square as if to defy time and challenge our pigmy race to produce works of equal grandeur.

These hoary works are yellow at noon, rose color in the sunset glow; and then, after sundown, they soon assume a mysterious silvery gray.

It is under this aspect that Mrs. Fry chose to represent the scene pictured on page 369. It shows that vagueness the Sphinx assumes in the veils of twilight, a vagueness that enhances the feeling of mystery and brooding in this gigantic statue, whose age we can better realize when we reflect that the square, polished block of granite, noticeable between the outstretched paws of the lion-body of the Sphinx, was set up by Thotmes III about 1538 B. C., to record the fact that he had repaired the old colossus!

Mrs. Fry is one of the strongest among the women painters of the country. During a long stay in Paris she exhibited regularly in the Salon and some day many of her canvases will find their way into our public museums.

THE LEAVEN IS WORKING

OUR confrère *The American Art News* in its issue of January 5, 1918 has the following to say:

ZULOAGA NUDES DISBARRED

It has remained for Indianapolis and the John Herron Art Institute of that city to taboo and banish to a cellar three very naked nudes: "Nude Lady with Red Carnation," "Nude Lady and the Parrot" and "Celestine," included in the display of works by Zuloaga which New York hailed with enthusiasm under modish patronage last season and swallowed, nudes and all. The show has been traveling through the country since that time, and without a word of protest against these nudes, until the exhibition reached Indianapolis.

It appears from the news story from Indianapolis that certain young women of that decently ordered but not overartistic town, attended the Zuloaga show at the Institute, looked at the exhibits and were so shocked by the nude pictures above noted that they not only themselves protested but called in their sisters, cousins and aunts—no mention made of their fathers and uncles—and, in a word, brought such pressure to bear on the Institute officials that the offending nudes were banished to the cellar.

So has Indianapolis taught New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh and other American cities a moral lesson. It is to be wondered what Zuloaga, Mrs. Philip Lydig of New York, who got up the exhibition, and Dr. Christian Brinton who compiled the catalog, with its glowing eulogy of the painter and his works, and who comes from that city of homes and purity—Philadelphia—think of the attitude of Indianapolis towards the nudes of Zuloaga.

As to the above we beg to say that in our issue of February 1917 we flagellated these nudes and said:

"But when it comes to the moral side, at once he proceeds to stultify himself in his pictures of naked women. For instead of continuing to depart from fact and going to the ideal and poetic in painting a nude, as every great artist should who respects the highest interests of the human race, he descends to the grossest and crassest facts possible. His nudes are not nude—they are blatantly naked.

"But worse still, instead of painting a perfect type of feminine beauty, he chooses three creatures half worn-out and represents them in various degrees of undress and vulgar nakedness, and so matter-of-fact as to be devoid of a scintilla of poetry, which alone will ever justify an artist to represent a man or a woman nude. And worst of all, the nude subjects he chooses are so immoral that no Museum in America should dare to exhibit them."

We are glad to know that the leaven of protest is working and hope such protests will be made every time any immoral artist dares to exhibit any vulgar or suggestive nude or any sort of a moral sore in any American gallery.

DAINGERFIELD'S "WESTGLOW"

(See page 371)

PEOPLE who experience positive if subtle enjoyment when contemplating colors as nature brings them to their eyes, lovers of color whom the neutral tones leave indifferent or bored, turn with special warmth to the painters who are so constituted as to love color for its own sake, to artists

who give it first place in their works. The painters are termed "colorists," to the disgust of those artists who lean more toward form and resent the importance given to one part of their own output. For every painter who is a painter, they maintain, is also a colorist; does he not use colors?